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BY JAMES R. MORRIS.
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SPIRIT OF DEMOCRACY.

"PRINCIPLES AND MEASURES, AND MEN WHO WILL CARRY THOSE PRINCIPLES AND MEASURES INTO EFFECT."

Vol. VI.

WOODSFIELD, OHIO, SATURDAY, MAY 5, 1849.

No. 8.

All is Action—All is Motion.

All is action, all is motion.
In this mighty world of ours,
Like the current of the ocean,
Man is urged by unseen powers!

Steadily but strongly moving,
Life is onward evermore;
Still the present is improving
On the age that went before.

Duty points with outstretched fingers
Every soul to action high;
Voe beside the soul that lingers
Onward! onward is the cry.

Tho' man's form may seem victorious
War may waste and famine blight,
Still from out the conflict glorious
Mind comes forth with added light.

O'er the darkest night of sorrow,
From the deadliest field of strife,
Dawns a clearer, brighter morrow,
Springs a truer, nobler life.

Onward! onward! onward ever!
Human progress none can stay;
All who make the vain endeavor,
Shall like chaff be swept away.

We clip the following verses from an ex-
change paper.
He who reads and comes to pay,
Shall read again another day;
But he who will not 'plank the cash,'
Through his name on our subscription book
We shall be compelled, however reluctantly, to
make a dash.

The man that doth no paper take,
Grudging two dollars once a year,
Will never a good husband make,
Because his wife can never know what is go-
ing on in the world, and his children will very ig-
norant appear.

The Stolen Kiss.

From Ned Buntline's Own.
By "JACK BOND."
My Dear Ned, did you ever steal a
kiss from a beautiful girl in some un-
guarded moment, when she was totally
unconscious of the close proximity of
your lips to her own, until the treasure
was pilfered, and past redemption?

If so, then listen to me, and I will
give you an account of a bit of fun in
that line, which I perpetrated about ten
years since, when I was at the mature
age of fourteen. At the district school
where I attended, there was a little
blonde, a class-mate of mine, whose ro-
guish eye and dimpled cheek played the
mischief with my studies, and I believe
that I was not behind hand in drawing
her attention from her books, and the
teacher said that we must move our
seats to prevent our seeing each other,
while at our studies.

Every day after school was dismissed,
I gallanted Kate B. to her
home; and when there was snow on
the ground, I always insisted on her
taking a seat on my sled, while I, proud
of my load of loveliness, would draw
her up the steep hill to her home. The
other boys, envious of Kate selecting
me as her champion, seemed determi-
ned to ridicule us to the extent of their
power; and when Kate and I were on
our way to school our appearance on
the 'play ground' was the signal for a
perfect broadside of raillery.

"There comes Kate and her beau,"
says one.
"Hallo, Jack! why don't you lock
arms with your sweetheart?"
"Oh! they ain't engaged yet!" says
another.

And poor Kate would run blushing
into the school room, and I would pro-
pose some play to turn the conversa-
tion.
The intimacy between us grew
stronger day by day, until I used to
call at her house for nothing else but
to hear her sweet laugh and talk until it
was time for me to leave.

I cannot imagine what the deuce
there is in my constitution that makes
me so careless of consequences when I
am in for a bit of fun, but I never count
the cost until all is over. But excuse
this digression, dear Ned, and I will
proceed.

One fine summer evening, I thought
I would walk up to Kate's, and find out
what she thought of a small ring that I
had sent to her the day before, by an
urchin that I had hired, as I had not the
courage to give it to her myself. As I
neared the house, I saw Kate half re-
clining on a small lounge that had been
moved from the sitting room out into
the open verandah. Her father was
reading the paper and smoking a large
pipe, with his feet placed on an old
chest that stood in the corner of the
kitchen; and her mother sat in her
rocking chair, with her knitting work
in hand, while to complete the group, a
monstrous mastiff dog lay under the la-
ble asleep. I creep softly up to the
lounge where Kate was, without being

discovered. She was gazing through
the lattice work of the verandah at the
moon, and humming a favorite song of
mine—Heaven! how beautiful she looked!

"I'll kiss her, if I have to swing for
it!" said I to myself, while the blood
rushed through my veins like red hot
lava, and my breath grew quick and
hurried.

I pressed nearer to her, and stood
near enough to snatch the coveted cup
of nectar, but my courage failed me,
and I should have given it up as a bad
job, if the little witch had not at that
moment held up to the bright moonlight
an exquisite little hand, with the very
ring I had sent her on the third finger.
She looked at the ring a moment, and
then with a quick motion pressed it to
her lips. Amo, amas, amamas! I
could bear it no longer. In an instant
I had encircled her little waist with my
arm and glued my lips to the sweet
creature's rosy mouth. Ye gods and
little fishes! what a scream she gave!

She slipped from my embrace like an
eel, and sprang for the open door. I
caught her by the waist again.

"Kate! Kate! don't you know—"
Woof! Yow!—and down I went flat
on my back, with old Towser's dental
arrangements fastened in my shoulders.
"Get out, Towser! Father! father!
help, he'll kill him!" cried Kate, who
recognized my voice; and the poor girl
was in an agony of tears.

Out rushed Squire B., and loosed
me from the dog. Kate's mother
made me take off my coat that she
could see the extent of the wounds.—
They were not dangerous, and after
applying some liniment, the pain left
me and I took a chair by the side of
Mrs. B.

"What, what in the world made you
scream so, Kate?" said her father.
Poor Kate blushed to the tips of her
ears, and said nothing, but cast an im-
ploring glance at me.

"What was it Jack?" enquired he.
"Why the truth is, Mr. B., when
I came to the verandah, I saw Kate on
the lounge looking so bewitching, I
could not help taking a kiss; and as I
took it without her leave, it startled her
somewhat."

Squire B. roared with laugh-
ter, while Mrs. B. looked at Kate
with such a comical expression that she
slipped out of doors to hide her confu-
sion.

I went out a moment after, and found
her in a little arbor in the rear of the
house.

"Dear Kate," said I, "forgive me,
and I will give you back the kiss I
stole."

She looked at me a moment and turned
her head away; but she did not
struggle violently when I repayed her
the kiss I had stolen on the verandah.
I have kissed beautiful girls since, but
never found the zest of that stolen kiss.
Ah Kate!

Depth of Coal Mines.

The greatest depth at which a pro-
ductive mine is worked appears to be
one in New Castle, England, 1794 feet;
though we observe in a new work,
statements of a mine in Wales, worked
at the depth of 2100 feet. The mini-
mum depth that we observe in Great
Britain, is 66 feet. The average depth
of the mines in Great Britain varies
from 233 to 750 feet; and to strike a
general average, would not bring it far
from 400 feet. If they undertook, as
we do, to remove the earth from above
the coal, it would be almost as cheap to
burn carbon in the shape of diamonds
as coal.

If it is remembered that this depth
below the surface involves the expense
incident to raising and lowering ev-
erything that is to be used—workmen,
tools, &c., together with the coal that
they get; that the water which collects
in the mines in alarming quantities has
to be pumped up all this distance—a
work totally impossible without the aid
of the steam engine; that the distance
from fresh air involves great expense
for ventilation and great danger in case
of any of the thousand accidents to
which these worlds under ground are
exposed—if all these disadvantages and
others which might be mentioned, be
borne in mind, it will be seen at once
how convenient comparatively is the
location of our mines—so abundant near
the surface—and affording such facili-
ties for drainage as to remove most of
the difficulties above referred to.—Sci-
entific American.

Dr. Negrier, a French surgeon, says
that the simple elevation of a person's
arm will always stop bleeding at the
nose. He explains the fact physiologi-
cally, and declares it a positive remedy.

A Horrid Story.

The following shocking narration is
taken from Dr. Aclan's travels in India:
"I was obliged yesterday afternoon
to go down the river for a short dis-
tance; I had a boat and three natives.
When I had completed my business I
returned, and was paddling along, not
far from the bank, just on this side of
those enormous blocks of iron rock
which keep the river from overflowing,
and had just rounded the point, when
one of my men called out most vehe-
mently, 'Look, sir, look—there is a
tiger.' My eyes were immedi-
ately turned in the direction towards
which he pointed. A man was tearing,
springing, bounding towards the river,
and a hundred yards behind him follow-
ed a large panther, pursuing him with
those rapid leaps for which the panther
is so famous.

"I instantly ordered my people to
pull towards the shore, in hopes of res-
cuing the poor wretch who thus strug-
gled for his life. Before we had reach-
ed the bank, the man had made a bound
into the water, and stood immersed up
to the neck. I suppose he was too
much exhausted to swim, for we could
hardly hear his voice as he called us to
make haste. At this instant I saw the
dark blot of an enormous alligator
rising slowly above the surface, as he
made his way towards his intended
victim. I shouted to the man—'Crock-
odile! crocodile!' He heard me, hesi-
tated an instant, and then rushed back
to the bank.

"This sudden movement disconcert-
ed the panther, who started back a few
paces, and the next moment our boat
was in reach. 'Come in,' I exclaimed.
The man made a spring—the panther
leaped forward—and as I seized the
former by the arm, the latter seized him
by the leg. Oh, the shriek of the poor
victim! I shall never forget it. Unfor-
tunately I had not brought my rifle, but
I shouted to the men to strike the beast
with their oars. But no—the coward-
ly wretches shrank down in the farther
end of the boat, and would not move.
I could do nothing, therefore, but pull
at the man's shoulders, while his horrid
shrieks were ringing in my ears. Had
I let go, the panther would have instan-
tly carried him off. Had there been an-
other European with me the man might
have been saved.

This takes a long time to describe,
but it was the work of only a few sec-
onds. Presently I found that I was
drawing the man towards me; I looked,
and saw the flesh of his leg peeling off
in the jaws of the panther, until it came
to the ankle, where with one crunch,
the bone was severed, and the beast
galloped off with the fearful mouthful.
I now drew the man, who by this time
was quite senseless, into the boat. I
tied my handkerchief tightly round the
upper part of his leg, and with a piece
of wood formed a sort of tourniquet.
We brought him to Cuttack, and sent
him at once to the hospital—but he died
in the course of a few hours. 'What a
horrible affair!' exclaimed a voice
near me. 'But I was under the impres-
sion,' said I, 'that the voice or even
the eye of man, was sufficient to make
any beast quit.' 'So it is, provided
they are neither very hungry nor very
much excited. This beast had been
engaged in a long chase, and nothing
could have frightened him from his prey.

Falling from Grace.

Zedekiah Broadhead was a man of
somewhat less of stature than Goliath
of Gath, though possessing perhaps as
much physical strength. So the village
wrestlers thought, when out of sport, he
took up a whole handful of them and
dashed them on the ground. During
the religious revival, Zedekiah was con-
verted and joined the Methodist church.

One evening when on his way home
from class meeting, he was assailed by
half a dozen of his former companions,
shouting:

"Now Zed has become a Christian
and can't fight, let's give him a thrash-
ing."
"Hold a moment," interposed Zed,
putting forth an arm as long as a rail,
"I know a Christian can't fight; but I
belong to a denomination who believe
in falling from Grace—and," continued
the new convert, planting his foot more
firmly on the earth and towering up
like a giant in the moonlight, his arm
falling back to an angle of forty-five de-
grees, "if I should fall from Grace," here
he lowered his voice to a tone of omi-
nous solemnity; and advancing three
paces towards his retreating assailants,
"if I should fall from Grace, too be to
you."
The scamps, overawed by a doubt of
the saint's perseverance, decamped with
precipitation, leaving Zed as Apollyon
left Christian, to go his way rejoicing.

The True Aristocrats.

BY C. D. STUART.

Who are the Nobles of the earth—
The true Aristocrats—
Who need not bow their heads to Lords,
Nor doff to Kings their hats?

Who are they, but the Men of Toil,
The mighty and the free,
Whose hearts and hands subdue the earth,
And compass all the sea.

Who are they, but the Men of Toil,
Who cleave the forests down,
And plant amid the wilderness
The hamlet and the town?

Who fight the battles, bear the scars,
And give the world its crown
Of name, and fame, and history,
And pomp of old renown!

These claim no gaud of heraldry,
And scorn the knightly rod;
Their coats of arms are noble deeds;
Their peerage is from God!

They take not from ancestral graves
The glory of their name,
But win, as erst their fathers won
The laurel wreath of Fame.

Work for the Farmer.

Accumulation of Manure.—For this
duty it may be said that April is not the
month, inasmuch as the whole force of
the farm or plantation will be called to
the performance of labor of more im-
mediate and present interest. True, this
may be the case, but we doubt very
much whether on a farm of 200 acres
and upwards, a hand and team might
not be more profitably engaged in the
collection of materials, and in the for-
mation of compost heaps from this till
next winter, than in any other way.—
The woods, the ditches, the branches,
the heads and shores of rivers and
creeks, the mail-pits, the marshes, the
road sides, the lanes and yards, and
headlands of almost every homestead,
unfold so many resources, and contain
so many substances, that may be con-
verted into manure—and manure
being the life-blood of every soil—that
one cannot but be surprised that so few
landholders avail themselves of them.
By proper attention to this particular,
there is scarcely any owner of a farm
that might not collect and manufacture
a sufficient quantity of manure every
season to give his corn and truck ground
a heavy dressing of the very best fer-
tilizers, and thereby increase the pro-
ductive capacity of his lands from one to
three hundred per cent., and conse-
quently enhance his annual income in
the same ratio. We have often been
pained to hear agriculturists of intelli-
gence say, that they could not get ma-
nure to put in their corn with, whose
forest lands, and those other places we
have named above, were filled with the
very best materials to compost into ma-
nure, and which required nothing but
the exercise of energy, to render them
available. We recur to this subject
now, in order that it may excite at
least some of our readers to think, as
we are confident that reflection is all
that is necessary to induce them to act.
The expense of a team and hand, thus
employed, could not exceed, for six
months in the year, \$100 or \$125 at the
furthest; whereas, in that time, materi-
als could be collected and made into
manure, which would be intrinsically
worth from \$750 to \$1,000, at a mod-
erately estimated value.

Potatoes.—Towards the end of April,
or the first ten days of May, will be a
good time to get in your main crop of
potatoes. Repudiating all specifics for
and preventatives against the rot, we
are inclined to believe, after having
read almost everything that has been
written and published on the subject,
that the greatest security against that
scourge is to be found in early planting
and cleanly culture. Having made
this declaration, we will state our plan
for the cultivation of this root—a plan,
by the way, that we rarely ever failed
in making a good yield, where the sea-
son did not defy our exertions.

Soil.—A grass-sward is generally the
best; the soil in which the potatoes most
delights is a deep, dry mould, the fresh-
er the better; though, with plenty of
manure and good culture, it will grow
in any soil which is sound and not wet;
the largest yield was ever had, was grown
on a stiff, red clay, which had been thor-
oughly prepared and highly manured.

Preparation of the Soil.—Plough
deep—as deep as your team can pene-
trate the earth—and lay the furrows
flat. If it be a grass lay or sward, run
the roller lengthwise the furrow, imme-
diately after ploughing; then harrow,
and roll again. That done, lay off your
furrows north and south, three feet
wide, and four inches deep. The lay-
ing off the furrows should be done at
the time of planting.

Preparation of the Sets.—Cut the po-
tatoes so as to leave two or three eyes

to each set; and, as you cut them, strew
plaster or ashes over them, so as to cover
the wounds and stop their bleeding;
spread them on the cellar or barn floor
for a few days before planting.

Planting.—When ready to plant,
have your furrows drawn as directed,
strew therein about two inches in depth
of good strong manure; on this place
your sets, ten inches apart, sow ashes
over them with a free hand, and cover
with the plough.

After Culture.—When you first dis-
cover the potatoes coming up, if the
ground be stiff, or hard, run your har-
row through them, crosswise. This
will open and mellow the earth, and
insure their coming up—say three or
four inches high—dust them well with
a mixture of equal parts of salt, slacked
lime, or ashes, salt and plaster, which-
ever may be most convenient for you.
That done, throw a slight furrow to-
wards the vines, on either side, so as to
give them a small hilling, taking care to
present a tolerably flat surface. If, af-
ter completing this working, you dis-
cover weeds or grass among the plants,
these must be removed by hoe or hand,
as it is important they should be kept
clean from such intruders. In ten days,
or two weeks from the first working,
give your potatoes a second one, taking
care to increase the size of the hill, as
also to preserve the comparative flat-
ness of its shape; and to relieve the
vines, by the hand or hoe, of all weeds
and grass. When two weeks shall have
elapsed, give your potatoes a third
working, and you may consider their
culture completed, unless the weather
should be such as to encourage an ex-
traordinary growth of weeds, in which
event they must be taken out by the
hand or hoe.

Quantity of Seed per acre.—The num-
ber of bushels of seed per acre depends
much upon the kind of potatoes planted;
some kinds cutting into sets more ad-
vantageously than others. We have
planted an acre with ten bushels, and
yet we have sometimes found twelve,
and even fifteen bushels required. But
whatever quantity we used, we always
took pains to procure the very best and
largest potatoes for seed, rejecting all
that were anywise diseased or decayed.

Before closing our remarks upon this
subject, we will observe, that we be-
lieve the manure for potatoes would be
greatly improved if, in every ten dou-
ble horse cart loads, there were mixed
at least ten bushels of ashes to one of salt.
Analyses shows that potatoes strongly
abound with the constituent elements
of both these bodies; and hence the legi-
timate inference is, that they are es-
sential to the healthful growth of the
plant and the maturation of its tubers.

Meadows.—If these be tight-bound
and unproductive, you may improve
them by harrowing, sowing a gallon of
timothy seed, and giving them a dress-
ing of two bushels of ashes to the acre.

Fences.—Look to, and thoroughly
repair your fences; have this essential
duty performed under your own personal
supervision.

Brambles, Briars and Bushes.—Have
everything in the shape of these pests
about your fields and fences dug up or
cut down at once, and repeat their de-
struction as often as they may show
their heads through the season. One
or two seasons' war against them, if
well conducted, will exterminate them.

Hauling out Manure.—If your ma-
nure is not all hauled out and in place,
go to work at once, and cease not until
it is completed.

Tobacco Plants.—See to these: should
they appear of feeble growth, water
them with a solution of horse-dung,
soot, and sulphur.

Root Culture.—Make your minds up
to put in an acre or two of Parsnips,
Carrots, Mangel Wurtzel, Beets, and
Ruta Baga, to provide succulent food
for your milch cows next winter. All
the above roots should be got in early
in May except the last, which should be
put in on or about the 10th of June, or
between that date and the 25th of that
month. We call attention to this sub-
ject thus early, in order that you may
procure the necessary manure, which
should be well rotted. Should you not
have stable or barn-yard manure to
spare, guano and bone-dust will answer
as well.

**Horses, Mules, Working Oxen and
Cattle generally.**—See that your stock
of every kind are well fed, well cared
for, and that your milch-cows receive
some succulent food—that they receive
salt twice a week, and suffer for noth-
ing.—American Farmer.

Hours of Sleep.

Nature requires five,
but Custom gives seven;
Laziness takes nine,
And wickedness eleven.

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and at reasonable prices.

From the Ohio Statesman.

The State Debt of Ohio—No. 3.

In the first No. of the series under
the above head, we spoke of the tax
laws and the bank laws of this State,
showing by the arithmetical forming of the
latter, that whenever additional banking
facilities were needed by those engaged
in the business, that their interest, and
the interest of those connected with
them as borrowers, would lead them to
urge an increase of the State debt, and
that the tax laws, formed by the same
arithmetical hand, while it taxed bankers light-
ly, laid the burden of supporting gov-
ernment with an oppressive hand upon
the labor of the country, and from
thence we argued, that until bankers
are taxed, as other citizens are taxed,
on that upon which they draw interest,
it is folly to suppose that the State debt
can be paid by a people already crush-
ed with excessive taxation. In show-
ing these things—in placing the tax
laws and the bank laws together, and
showing the interest created in favor
of an enlargement of the State debt by
the one system, and that the State debt
could never be paid by the tax law, be-
cause of the immense amount of capital
it left measurably untaxed, we ar-
gued that the intention was not to pay
off the debt of the State, but at a time
propitious to the movement, to increase
it, and hence the opposition of the fed-
eral leaders to a new constitution,
which will prohibit any increase of the
State debt, without being first submit-
ted to a vote of the people, and by them
decided in its favor.

In No. 2 of the series, we showed by
a record how the State debt was in-
creased one-third of the present enor-
mous amount, and by tracing and giv-
ing the Legislative votes, we showed
that a large majority of the federal party
voted therefor.

However much men may honestly
differ on political questions, there is one
point upon which all patriots—all who
wish well to the State can agree, and
that is, that she may preserve her credit
unshaken—her honor untarnished. He
who would be so patrician as to strike
a blow, either by word or deed, at the
credit of the State, is unworthy a home
within her borders. Taking advantage
of this fact, whenever the question of
the State debt is discussed in connec-
tion with the financial management
while under whig rule, the whole whig
press, from the "Ohio State Journal"
and the "Clinton Republican" up to the
most respectable, meet the facts put
forth, not by evidence to prove them
unfounded—not by arguments to prove
the conclusions, drawn from facts es-
tablished, are fallacious, but by the cry, "you
are injuring the credit of the State—
you are repudiators!" &c. If to lay
before the people of Ohio facts drawn
from the public documents of this State
—if to expose the misconduct of men
in office—if to lay before the tax pay-
ers of Ohio, as arguments why they
should change their constitution; the
truth in regard to the public debt, which
the taxes of the people are to pay, en-
titles the democratic press of the State
to the charge of repudiators, and that
such an expose injures the credit of the
State, all we have to say is, that Ohio's
credit is placed upon a foundation of
sand. But such is not the fact—whig
financiers are not yet the State, and we
expose of their financiering cannot in-
jure its credit. They themselves, by
their own acts, as we shall presently
show, have shaken Ohio credit to its
very foundation, and made the best
friends of the State tremble with alarm;
and the fact that she does not now oc-
cupy the front rank among the most
paying States, is clearly to be traced to
funding operations of her leading
politicians of the whig party.

Previous to the political revolution of
1840, when "Tippecanoe and Tyler
too" rode into power, for the purpose
of making times better and money plenty;
the State stock of Ohio bore a pre-
mium in the stock markets in the eastern
States, and the expression, "Ohio cred-
it is better than gold," was equally
true and gratifying. In the palmy
days of which we speak, the finances
of the State were controlled by demo-
crats, and though the debt then was
large, yet still Ohio stocks were among
the highest in the market, and were in-
variably sold above par. When Gen.
Harrison and Mr. Tyler were elected to
administer the government of the
Union, the finances of Ohio passed under
whig jurisdiction and control. To
raise money to carry on the State gov-
ernment, Ohio stocks were sacrificed
by the whig Board of Bond Commis-
sioners for prices far below their face
value, and within the course of seven or eight
months, over HALF A MILLION OF
DOLLARS was sacrificed; and